

ol, he heaved his broad chest high above its sur-
e, and the sucking sands drew his quarters beneath
m, the nostrils of the suffering animal dilated with
fierce death encounter, and giving that hideous
“The cry of steeds that sink in agony.”
tossed his head frantically above his greedy grave,
mane fluttered for a moment on the shallow water,
the bed of the stream closed over him for ever.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—The late Rev. Dr. S****
ed to relate a circumstance, an observance of the
son taught by which, was of essential benefit to
n in after life. He was riding along one evening,
h his rein in one hand, and his Bible in the other,
his way to fulfil an appointment to preach, in a re-
d part of the country. Suddenly his horse started,
his attention was arrested by some object in his
ch. Its insignificant appearance and apparently
rless movements, led the Doctor to believe that no
nger was near—but the horse, more sagacious than
self, manifested much uneasiness, and refused to
Aware of the sagacity of the noble animal, the
ctor himself became alarmed, and as he was armed
h no other weapon, the Bible was hurled at his an-
onist with no little velocity. The consequences
s hasty and imprudent assault need not be mention-
ed. Suffice it to say, they were such as to lead the
ctor firmly to resolve, that come what might, he
ould never again throw his Bible at a skunk! We
pe to profit by the Doctor's experience.—*Cleveland
Hig.*

[From the Christian Advocate.]
AN AFFECTING ANECDOTE.
When I was travelling in the State of Massachu-
setts, twenty-six years ago, after preaching one even-
ing in the town of —, a very solemn looking
ung man arose, and wished to address the assem-
y. After obtaining license, he spoke as follows:—
“My friends, about one year ago, I set out, in com-
ny with a young man of my intimate acquaintance,
seek the salvation of my soul. For several weeks
we went on together, we labored together, we went
meeting together, we prayed and wept together,
d often renewed our covenant never to give over
eking, till we obtained the religion of Jesus. But
at once the young man neglected attending meet-
ings, appeared to turn his back on all the means of
ace, and grew so sly of me that I could hardly get
opportunity to speak with him. His strange con-
duct gave me much painful anxiety of mind; but still
felt resolved to obtain the pardon of my soul, or
ish, making the publican's plea.
“After a few days, a friend informed me that my
young companion had received an invitation to at-
end a ball, and was determined to go. I went im-
mediately to him, and with tears in my eyes, endeav-
ored to persuade him to change his purpose, and go
ith me on that evening to a prayer-meeting. I
declined with him in vain. He told me, when we
arted, that I must not give him up as lost, for after
had attended that ball he intended to make a busi-
ness of seeking religion.
“The appointed evening came, and he went to the
all, and I went to the prayer-meeting. Soon after
e meeting opened, it pleased God, in answer to
ayer, to turn my spiritual captivity, and make my
ul to rejoice in his justifying love. Soon after the
ll opened, my young friend was standing at the
ead of the ball room, with the hand of a young lady
his hand, preparing to lead down the dance; and
hile the musician was tuning his violin, without one
oment's warning, the young man sallied back and
ll dead on the floor. I was immediately sent for to
sist in devising means to convey his remains to his
ther's house. You will be better able to judge what
ere the emotions of my heart, when I tell you that
at young man was my own brother.”

ANECDOTE.—A few weeks since, when the bells in
is village were ringing for fire, a run-soaked crea-
re, in the shape of a man, inquired what the bells
ere ringing for.
“For fire,” said one standing by.
“I wish,” said he with an oath, “the whole town
as burnt.”
“You mean, all but the ‘Still-House, father;” said
little boy of six years old.—“What would you do
run, father, if the ‘Still-House was burnt?”—*Es-
Gazette.*

A GERMAN DINNER.—Every thing is inveterately
German. Our dinner to-day consisted of a kind of
htage, (excellent—I doubt if Esau sold his birth-
right for a better,) beef-steaks, sausages, (all onions),
broiled cabbage, and fried potatoes. Then for the
cond course came calves' head sliced and boiled in
uel, or something very like it, eels martyred *a la tar-*
re, and an omelette *aux confitures*; and for the third,
roasted to rags, a piece of beef ditto, a duck,
deserved cherries, and a salad. To all this must be
added the indispensable plate of sliced ham, always
commended as *bon pour la digestion*, and served as
avoidably as bread. What an awful redundancy for
e persons! and yet nothing eatable but the potatoe,
at the people are very civil and anxious to please, a
ompensation for many minor privations, not to men-
on the refreshing equality of a clean table cloth
nd napkins, too often rarities in Italy, but here every
y luxuries. So, alas! is tobacco indulged in (fatal
for the organs of those who cannot smoke) by ev-
y member of the table d'hôte, which holds its eatings
the apartments under ours. No doubt at the Quin-
e Saïsons, folks are more polite, and leave such
arse pungencies to the vulgarians of the Nassau.—
nd yet, on reflection, I doubt it; the thing (I mean
e passion for smoking) seems inherent in the breast
every true German; all ranks appear to be equally
under its influence,—the tube of amber or ebony,
ounted in gold, or the common pipe of painted por-
celain, makes the only difference.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—
History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years, from
e year 1620 to 1820—by Alden Bradford. For sale by RUS-
ELL, OGDEN & CO., 121 Washington Street.
March 11. 51s

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riters.
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mistakes.

ZION'S



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BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

[From the Religious Intelligencer.]

SABBATH MORNING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

*See! Heaven wakes earth! I hear an answering sigh
From the soft winds, as they unfurl their wings
Impalpable, and kiss the dimpling streams
With whispering melody. Methinks the sea
Murmureth in tone subdued; and nature smiles,
As if upon her raptur'd breast she caught
The breath of Deity.*

Hail, hallowed morn!
That binds a yoke on vice. Dropping her head,
She by her quaint hypocrisy doth prove
How beautiful is virtue. Eve may light
Her orgies up again; but at this hour
She trembleth, and is still. Humility,
From the cleft rock which she hath hid, doth mark
The girded majesty of God go by.
And kneeling, wins a blessing. Grief foregoes
Her bitterness, and round the tear-wet urn
Twines sweet and simple flowers. But best firm Faith
Enjoys this holy season. She doth raise
Her eye and talk with angels; till the soul
That by the thralldom of a week was bowed,
And crushed and spent, doth like the enfranchised slave,
Leap high to put its glorious garments on.

[From the Temperance Journal.]

THE DEATH.

Not by the murderous hand—
Not in the battle's roll—
Not by the assassin's knife, he fell,
Nor secret, poisoned bowl—
Nor in the midnight storm,
He laid him down to sleep,
Bewildered by the snows that came
Around him, cold and deep.

Not by the fever's touch—
Not by consumption's breath—
Nor where a group of loving friends
Wept o'er his early death:
There were no tears to fall
On his dishonored clay—
No ray from heaven to cheer the gloom,
In which he passed away.

But a more deep disease
Was on his wasting frame;
And all the springs of life were parched
By an burning flame;
Worse than the fever's touch,
Worse than consumption's breath
Bore him away in agony,
Down to the gates of death.

A fearful war was waged
Against that wanderer's soul;
And openly his murderer gave
The burning, poisoned bowl.
A storm of wild despair
Came o'er his spirit's pride;
And without pity or lament,
A worthless rest he died.

Editorial.

“NONSENSICALS.”

The Literary and Catholic Sentinel of the 19th inst.,
dedicated two columns expressly to Zion's Herald. We
make the following extract to show that Papists consider
the work of the Spirit—revivals—change of heart—zeal
and earnestness in preaching, &c., as NONSENSICAL!

“Such whining and canting about the works of the
Spirit, such comical inquiries into things that, in fact,
have never been either seen or felt, such melting de-
scriptions of camp meetings, quarterly meetings, pro-
tracted meetings and the rest, such cheering revivals,
such changes of the heart, such experiments and con-
versions, such zeal and earnestness in preaching the
voice of Jehovah's judgments, such wonderful mercies
of the Spirit in converting sea captains and
sailors into eloquent and sanctified preachers of the
gospel, and all this by the means of a lady, such drink-
ing largely of divine love, such endeavors to convert
the whole world, such rejoicing at Zion's Herald sound-
ing loud and loud, with the salvation of 500,000 poor
drunkards on its side, (all these, mind, are) to be
damned for ever, unless Zion's Herald continues to
sound long and loud. Their conversion absolutely
depends upon a new supply of subscribers to the
Herald) such missionary labors, and such little suc-
cess for want of more money, such hopes in the Lord,
and yet, such groaning and lamentations for the want
of zeal in some of Zion's dearly beloved children,
who seem to be deaf to the voice of Jehovah's judg-
ments. In short, such a disgusting heap of nonsensical-
isms never before sullied such a quantity of white pa-
per. Fanny Wright's fanaticism is lost sight of in
comparison.”

Papists are Christians! Nay, say rather Infidels.—
Could Infidels use worse language? No.

MATTHIAS, THE IMPOSTOR.

The trial of this man, for the murder of Mr. Pierson,
of New York, commenced on the 17th of this month. A
Jury was empanelled to try the question whether the
prisoner was sane—they decided unanimously that he was.

Several physicians were examined relative to the ap-
pearance of the stomach of Mr. Pierson, after the body
was taken from the grave. They uniformly testified that
they had strong suspicions of poison, but could not say
positively that he was poisoned.

The testimony of Mrs. Anne Folger is of great conse-
quence. Those parts which relate particularly to the
doctrines taught by the villain, we insert.

“Those in the house who believed in him, consid-
ered him their father, as God the Father possesses
the Holy Ghost, and possessing the power to bestow
it on whom he pleased; that he had power to exe-
cute wrath. We regarded him as the last prophet,
and the last spoken of in the Revelations, that is, the

executing angel; he claimed all these powers, and
we believed that he did cast evil spirits out of us; he
required us to obey his commands in all things that
he had a right to command. Mr. Matthias had the
command of every thing in the household. I would
go to him sometimes for directions, and he used to
tell me that the spirit would direct me, and I then
waited to be directed, and I would be subject to his
censure if I did not do as he pleased, and he would
then tell that I had not his spirit, but got a spirit
somewhere else. When displeased he would be very
violent in his manner; so violent that that was but a
small specimen of it in Court yesterday; he would
curse us, and his anger would last a long time, until
at last we got uneasy, and considered ourselves lost
creatures: he said he could save us, but we must get
rid of the evil spirit which was in us, and he would
give us a better spirit: he would tell us that if we
asked deliverance from it, from him, he would give
it; he attended to all the temporalities of the house,
and every one who did any thing without his advice,
was responsible to him. Last August, when Pierson
died, he claimed to own the place. There was a
commencement of ill will between Pierson and Mat-
thias when Matthias went away to New York; Mat-
thias then told witness that he had reproved Pierson
for several things; can't recollect all the particulars,
but one time that Matthias went to New York, he
censured Pierson for ill-managing the grounds. He
claimed the first fruits of the peas in the garden;
when he was not at home we did not use them until
he came back; so relative to other things about the
place, the chickens and every thing at the table. One
coach and pair of horses were exclusively his.”

The following is an account, by the same witness, of
Mr. Pierson's sickness and death:—

“At 4 o'clock, he went into the barn; my son Ed-
ward called me and I went into the barn and found
Pierson in a fit, and sent for Matthias, and he came;
nothing was done until Matthias came, as they would
be liable to censure if they did any thing without his
orders: if we did any thing to Pierson and he im-
mediately recovered of the fit, we should be blamed
by Matthias for breaking his spirit. Pierson was subject
to fits, and sometimes Matthias commanded him to
get up, and Pierson used to get up and walk before
the fit was broken; after he got up he sometimes lay
on a couch. When Pierson got up from a fit, he could
hear and speak, and manifested great pleasure that
the spirit had obeyed Matthias. Matthias did on that
occasion take hold of him and help him up. When
Pierson got the fit, he was lying on the hay, and
something came out of his mouth which alarmed me.
Matthias desired him to get up, and he did not do so,
and Matthias and Anthony took him to the entry, and
he fell down the steps of the kitchen, where they let
him go; he soon recovered from the fit and sat at the
table that evening, and was helped to some coffee by
Matthias, who also put bread into his mouth, but he
did not eat it. After tea, Matthias walked him about
the hall and piazzas, and Matthias used so stop as if
he was speaking to him; witness went up to them,
but found that Pierson had not recovered so as to
converse. Pierson had another very strong fit, the
same evening, in the chair, and I went out and called
Isabella. Some time after, he had another fit, in a
room at the south side of the house, and I asked Mat-
thias' permission to wash Pierson's face with cold
water, and I did so: when I spoke to him he would
say, ‘Amen! Amen! Amen!’ About half an hour
after he was put to bed that night he began to vomit.
The fits continued all the night. Matthias remained
up until between 10 and 11, and sometimes went into
Pierson's room, and complained that Pierson's vomit-
ing and bad health almost made him vomit himself.
There was nothing done that night for Pierson, ex-
cept by Isabella, who washed him; I saw him the
next morning, and found him better, and in his
senses; no medical aid was sent for: he had no medi-
cine, nor were we allowed to have any in the house.
From that time until he died, no physician was sent
for, or medicine administered to him, as we believed
that all sickness was detached spirits, and that Mat-
thias had the power of casting them out. On Wednes-
day, the greater part of the morning Matthias was
preaching at the front door to a pedlar, and the rest
of the day with Pierson. On Thursday and Friday
and Saturday, Mr. Pierson was up, and was at differ-
ent times taken from the table by Matthias in a fit,
to another room. Saturday night he went to bed, and
did not get up at all on Sunday. Matthias was
preaching the greater part of the day in the parlor.
Mr. Pierson's bed-room door opened on the parlor, and
was partly open; Matthias would order Isabella to
go and shut the door when he was in a fit, several of
which he had during the day; and Matthias was
offended that Pierson should encourage such a spirit
as that which brought on the fits! On Sunday night
Pierson was left alone in his room without a candle.”

The prisoner was acquitted. He was then tried on a
charge of assault and battery on his own daughter,
and sentenced to be imprisoned three months. He is also
to be imprisoned one additional month for contempt of
Court.

“THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.”

These gentlemen, it appears, are not crushed by the
overwhelming (l) load thrown upon their shoulders. They
have issued the following Card. The ‘Review of the
Lady Superior's Reply’ is well worthy of perusal. It
presents a fair view of the controversy as far as it has
progressed.

We expect Miss Reed has facts of still more appalling
magnitude than she has yet disclosed. We admire her
noble self-sacrificing spirit, and she may feel secure in the
esteem of Protestant America.

A CARD.

The Committee of Publication of ‘Six Months in a
Convent’ stated, in reply to a Card from the ‘Super-
ior,’ that should she publish an Answer to that
Narrative, it would be replied to. The Answer has
appeared, and though it falls greatly short of the pub-
lic expectation, and at first did not seem to call for a
refutation, yet the occasion is now fairly offered to
the friends of truth and of Protestant education, to

give to the inquiring public further facts, evidence,
and details, touching the Convent, which will effec-
tually settle the question here, that such institutions
ought to be discontinued. The Committee and the
friends of Miss Reed have now resolved to pre-
pare such a publication, as a second part to the Nar-
rative, comprising about the same quantity of matter—
and while they are pleased to see others who are un-
known to them, appearing in vindication of truth, they
desire it may be understood, that neither a ‘Review of
the Lady Superior's Reply,’ nor any other similar pub-
lication, has been authorized by them or Miss Reed.

THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

April 22.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.
Ma. EDITOR.—You need not be told that we are in
constant danger of going to extremes—and that this is
a very common thing on all almost subjects.

My communication on Quarterly Meetings has
called forth short articles from two of your correspon-
dents, both of which, though they contain many good
thoughts, are, in my opinion, a little wide of the mark
in one particular, at least.

One of the writers proposes to hold all the Quar-
terly Meetings on week days, and allow the Presiding
Elder but fifteen or twenty days for his quarterly
tour; and the other thinks they should all be held on
the Sabbath.

The first of these propositions would impose upon
the Presiding Elders too great a burden—the care and
labors both of a Station and District; besides,
making him more of a cipher in his district, than in
some instances, he is now represented to be; and the
second, would require more men than can be
spared from other parts of the work, and impose too
great a burden upon the societies, besides keeping
Presiding Elders all the while unnecessarily from
home, thus depriving them of nearly all opportunities
for study and improvement, as well as rest.

April 16th, 1835.

O. SCOTT.

P. S.—Indulge me a moment upon another subject.
The present Conference year is drawing to a close;
and I would, with due respect, say a word to the
preachers. Our people often complain, and in some
instances, I fear, too justly, that they are deprived
of preaching about two months of the best part of the
year; as it takes the old preacher about a month be-
fore Conference to visit his friends, and the new one
about a month afterwards to move on to the circuit.
Ought we not to use the strictest economy with re-
spect to our time in making such visits? Ought we
not to make them as seldom and short as may be?
To supply our pulpits a month or two in a year with
local preachers or exhorters, does not generally give
satisfaction.

There is, however, one thing, for which we should
take sufficient time; and that is, to do the business of
our Annual Conference. After travelling many miles
to get to the place of Conference, do we not gener-
ally close our session without properly finishing our
business? Our next session will be a very important
one, and if we close our business like men, it will
probably be a very lengthy one. We ought all to at-
tend, if possible, and remain until the close. Let no
preacher make any engagement that will require him
to leave until the Conference rises, though it should
even sit two weeks. Let us make no appointments for
preaching at any distance from Boston before the
third Sabbath in June. It is to be hoped, however,
we may not have a very tedious session; still we
should go to Conference, not to stay so many days,
but to do the business.

O. S.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

A strange, an undefinable sensation steals across
my weary and heavy-laden spirit. Deep and dark
forebodings fill my restless and unquiet mind. No
star of hope arises to cheer my drooping spirits, or
to light my gloomy and bewildered pathway. No
kind one on whom to lean for support and sympathy
and in whose friendly ear utter my sorrows and com-
plaints.

But is it so? Have I no friend? Am I that lone-
ly, disconsolate being, my imagination would fain
persuade me? No, no, I have a friend—a sure, un-
failing friend—the blessed friend of sinners—one by
whom all the hairs of my head are numbered, and
without whose notice, not a sparrow falls to the
ground.

There is a star—a bright, a glorious star, which
shines forth from the dark and beclouded skies. It is
“the star of Bethlehem.” Thou leapest me to that
kind Friend, to whom I bow my inmost soul. Here
let me bring my heart—my wounded, bleeding heart,
my life, my all, and lay them at thy feet. And then,
however much the storms of life may beat upon my
sheltered head—however rudely the blast may
assail, I have

A sure defence,
I blessed covert in the storm. And though
I travel homeless, homeless, to the grave—
Although no earthly father, brother, friend,
Or guide be mine, yet let me be assured
I have a FRIEND in heaven—and all is well.

F. H.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A PEEP INTO AN EARTHLY PANDEMONIUM.
Ma. EDITOR.—A ‘groggery’ was set up in the
town of S—, New London county, Conn. While
the first incumbent, in whom the town's authority
placed ‘special trust and confidence,’ stood one chil-
d cold morning by the vases of Bacchus, a man,
known as a drunkard came to the shop, drank freely,
filled his jug, and departed. The poor wretch did
not reach home that night. Ten days after he was
found in the ruins of an old house near the road,
where he had crept, finding himself probably unable
to proceed. He was a LIFELESS FROZEN CORPSE!

An empty bottle was at his side. It had contained
the death-dealing poison.

At length the retailer went to his long home, and
to the judgment of God.

The present occupant stepped into his place. One
woe had passed; but, under his administration, as
priest of Bacchus, other woes came thick upon the
people. One man, who had a family, went to the
shop where he had often been before; after ‘drown-
ing dull care’ in the continuous draughts of mad-
dening poison which he quaffed, the object of ‘spe-
cial trust and confidence’ filled his bottle, and he left.
The dreary storm was sweeping in its fury over the
earth. The cold sleet soon turned to snow, but he
pressed on. The last drop of the contents of the bot-
tle was drawn, and the poor inebriate laid himself
beside a log a short distance from a cart-path, by
which he was returning home. The snow fell over
him, and he perished there. Six weeks afterward he
was found—the broken wreck of humanity. A pole
was put under one arm, which was crooked and frozen,
and he was thus carried to the place where a
rough box received all that remained of the mortality
of a heaven-descended being; and in a few hours the
grave closed its mouth upon him.

Erre night shade fell on the earth, some of those
who saw him buried were in this same grog-shop
pouring down the liquor of the retailer. They should
have wept, but they drank.

Not far from this haunt of the demons (for I must
believe it such) lived a man, his sister, and her son.
They might have been happy—they might have been
respected; but they drank—they all drank, and drank
much. The principal part of their rum was procured
at this rum-seller's. At length the son performed a
piece of work for a neighbor; his compensation was
money. As soon as the work was done, and the cash
obtained, the uncle was despatched to the grogshop
for some ardent spirits, which was obtained. They
drank the poison. The next day (Wednesday) the
son was a dying man; on Thursday, he went to the
bar of God! He was buried; and when the inter-
preting brother and sister came back from the grave,
the mother was struck with the wrath of the Al-
mighty. One week had passed from the day in
which her son died, when she sunk into the abyss
of eternity! The drunken brother went to the grave
of his sister—saw her laid in the darkness of the sepul-
chre—returned to his house and his cups, and in
twenty days from the death of his sister, he too died!

During his illness his continual cry was ‘Rum!—
Rum!’ He died sober—not because he would not
drink, nor because the rum-seller would not furnish
him, but because he was the last, and there was no
one to put the bottle to his lips. Ardent spirits was
supposed by all to be the immediate cause of their
death, and most of that ardent spirits was procured
at this rum-seller's.

The retailer still continues to pour ruin into the
chalice of those who will drink. He holds up his
head among men, and claims an enviable place in so-
ciety. Should it be said he was immoral, or even
that he was not respectable, he would think his ac-
cuser censorious, and possibly would—Deacon Stone
style—prosecute him for slander.

If I had in morals what Archimedes wished in me-
chanics, I would shake the world to its centre. I
would bid the rum-seller know, that the blood and
sweat of hell of immortal men call on the God of
heaven for VENGEANCE—for vengeance that will not
slumber!

SCRUTINY.

ERRATUM.—In the above, for Deacon Stone read
Deacon Giles.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

DIALOGUE.

Ma. EDITOR.—Some conversation took place be-
tween two individuals, not long since, which was in
substance as follows.

“There's Zion's Herald, a religious periodical pub-
lished in Boston; it has something to do with every
body and every thing.”

“Do you take that paper, sir?”

“Oh, no; but I have an opportunity to read it
every week.”

“What objection have you to it, sir? I thought it
was gaining new subscribers every week.”

“Oh! it meddles with Popery, Slavery, Infidelity,
and Intemperance, and yet professes to be a religious
periodical!”

“But, sir, is it not the duty of a religious paper to
speak against these enormous errors, which threaten
destruction to our religious and civil privileges, as a
nation?”

“Yes, when it can be done without producing ex-
citement.”

“Without producing excitement? Is it not high
time the public was excited? Do not the sins you
have enumerated portend something alarming to the
Church? Is not Popery trying to gain the ascendancy,
and to crush all our religious and civil privileges?
Have not the Papists already expressed a determina-
tion to become the most numerous sect in the coun-
try?—And then what would be the consequence?
Scenes of blood would follow—ICHABOD! ICHABOD!
would be written on the altars of all our
churches. Heaven preserve us!—Is not Slavery, as
existing in this country, an enormous sin? Are not
more than two millions of our species in bondage—
in a state of the most profound ignorance? Do not
the cries, groans, and almost intolerable burdens of
the poor slaves call for public excitement?—Is not
Infidelity raising its deformed features among us, and
trampling under foot that holy book, the BIBLE, con-
taining God's will to man, and claiming against our
holy institutions? Has not ‘H.’ clearly convicted them
of ‘ignorance or dishonesty,’ in some of the
late numbers of the Herald?—As to Intemperance, is
it not time that every paper in the land raised its
voice against it? Are not church members who
drink and vend distilled spirits considered in good
standing?”

“I think it's a good thing to expose error, but we
must move carefully, and be sure not to hurt people's
feelings. This Zion's Herald does, for it has hurt
mine.”

“On what subjects, sir, has it hurt your feelings?”

“Why, it has represented Popery and Infidelity as
being frightful monsters.”

“Has it said any thing but the truth on these sub-
jects? Did not St. Paul raise his voice long and loud
against the sins of his times, and did not Luther raise
his voice against Popery, and have not other eminent-
ly pious men raised their voices against Infidelity?”

“But the Slavery question is creating great excite-
ment. I am afraid its discussion will prove injurious
to the Church.”

“You need have no fears on this point. The
Church needs light on the subject. Otherwise, how
can she do her duty to them?”

“Well, well, I should not care so much about its
having something to do with other sins, if it would
let moderate drinkers alone.”

“Why, sir, I thought there was hardly a man to
be found, of respectability, who would plead for al-
cohol at the present day.”

“There is neighbor Q—, who sells rum; he
is a good neighbor—lets me have articles very cheap.
His feelings have been wounded by certain articles
which have appeared in the Herald of late.”

“Has the Herald said any thing but the truth
against rum-drinking and rum-selling?”

“Hem—hem—hem—well, I think it would have
more subscribers if it did not say so much against it.”

“You must be mistaken, for one man told me yester-
day that he thought of taking it, because it is such
a good temperance paper; and any man who discon-
tinues his paper because it speaks against any of the
errors you have mentioned, ought to be set down as
an advocate for sin.”

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.
DEAR BRETHREN—We can only say, here, in relation to the remarks which appeared in your paper of the 25th inst. concerning us, that we feel injured by them. We are exceedingly grieved to find the language which we have used with unfeigned respect and in the kindest of feelings, taken in the sense which is there given to it.

But as there is no doing injustice to the readers of this paper to fill its columns with remarks concerning what has appeared in another paper which they never saw, we will only add, that we are ready to prove that the Christian Advocate and Journal has used language which we think may be fairly understood as an attempt to justify the system of slaveholding, when its columns shall have been opened to us for the purpose.

Who wrote the language to which we refer, or what the real design of it was, we do not pretend to say.

S. W. WILLSON,
GEORGE STORRS,
A. D. MERRILL,
JARED PIERCE,
LA ROY SUNDERSLAND.

April 26, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
SLAVERY.
NO. V.

MR. EDITOR—No enlightened abolitionist, I presume, at the present time either intends or expects a future general matrimonial amalgamation, or even a merging of black and white into a uniform mass of mulattoes. I say at the present time, for it is unnecessary, as it may be unpleasant, to revive the indiscretions which may have characterized the earlier fervors of immediatism; and I willingly consign them to the general mass of transient follies, which are thoroughly abandoned and are well forgotten.

The Almighty former of man, has endowed each species and race with its own standard of beauty and its own apparatus of tastes and propensities. To a frog, the perfection of beauty is a green back, a yellow belly, and a squat figure; to an African it is an ebony face, a woolly pate, and an ivory row of teeth; to a European it is a clear complexion, a blooming cheek, and flowing hair. These different tastes, even to a great degree, the bestowment of nature. Nor are aversions less uniform than preferences. The ladies of Barbary have a shocked abhorrence to a sickly pallid face, a projecting nose, and long strait hair;—Lander and Park both found themselves great bugbears to the affrighted imaginations of certain African; and a tawny king was astounded to find that a Dutch visitor at his court was really a man "without a tail, but white as a devil." Tastes and aversions so obviously implanted by a superior power, can neither be considered as a wicked or a "vincible prejudice."

It is equally obvious, that a political equalization would widen the impassable gulf between the two races. Illicit intercourse, or polygamy, might in some measure, obscure the distinction. The reputation now exerts its oppressive force, practically only upon one side. But when the wretched negro, who now, destitute of modesty or morality, esteems outrage an honor, becomes inspired with sentiments of self respect, the affinities of nature will recover their force, the dormant repugnances will spring into life, and she will reject the lord mayor for the attentions of his chimney sweep. Political equality then would not diminish, but in reality double the amount of repugnance.

Taking it for granted, then, that nature has drawn a perpetual boundary line of aversion between the two races, may we not be permitted an honest doubt, whether a political incorporation upon an equal footing is really practicable? Are we ever likely, in an elective government, to choose our Judges, our congressmen, our Governors, and our Presidents, from a race out of which we should loathe to choose our wives, our brothers, or sons-in-law, or any other domestic connections? May we not be permitted to fear that the more near the contact and the more equalized the power of these hostile elements, the greater will be the repugnance and the surer the explosion? You have two heterogeneous races, intermingling, yet never absorbing each other, each with its own feelings, interests, and tastes, computing it into a solid mass within itself, and hardening into repugnance towards the other; will they not grow the more turbulent as they grow the more powerful and the more equal? Or will they not, as believed by many reflecting men, each rally its own elements and move off at the expense of whatever convulsions, into independent separate empires?

"Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people are to be free; nor is less certain, that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peacefully, and in such slow degree as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be, *part passim*, filled up by free white laborers." "Deep rooted prejudices entertained by the whites—ten thousand recollections by the blacks, of the injuries they have sustained—new provocations—the real distinctions which nature has made—and many other circumstances, will divide us into parties, and produce convulsions, which will probably never end but in the extermination of one or the other race." So spoke "THE GREAT DEMOCRAT," the advocate [according to Mr. Birney] of all from whom liberty was withheld, be white, red, or black. If ever man was qualified by an intimate knowledge, by a love of freedom, and hatred of oppression, to decide this question infallibly, it was Thomas Jefferson. I hold up these sentiments of his as my protective from the outpourings of the glowing and abolition benediction, for daring to express similar views.

Is not the subordinate race in fact morally certain to wither away under the influences of the ascendant? Where are the mighty nations that once occupied the very territories of these United States? Whether upon our borders, or isolated within surrounding civilization, not all the influences which civilization or Christianity could bring to bear upon them, could rescue them from their fate. And if I mistake not, our northern negro population is undergoing much the same fate. Is it generally known that in the northern States, although diminished by no emigration and increased by a continual influx from the South, under the combined pressure of an unequal climate and an ascendant race, they have in reality been dwindling away? But in the south, the blacks are becoming the ascendant race, they are swelling into an overwhelming superiority, and the rate of their increase and of the diminution of the whites, proclaim the sure tendency towards the eradication of the latter. John Randolph long since prophesied the time when the master would run away from the slave. Could you tomorrow pass a law for the emancipation of the blacks, it would be equally a law for the extermination and colonization of the whites.

Let then the whites expatriate themselves if they please, may be the reply. But remember the power is in their own hands; it is the white masters who are trying to convince, and are you likely to convince them with such arguments? They yet possess the power, and if it be fact that the whites have in other countries maintained that power against eight and even fifteen fold their own number of blacks, may they not retain it in the same way for centuries; may it not come to massacre and "extermination," may they not retain it in its most savage form, forever? If then the alternative of white or black expatriation be presented, there can be no doubt which will be selected. Observe then the very opposite policy pursued by the abolitionists and the colonizationists. The former would press the elements together, and allow no outlet for the blacks; the latter would provide an easy

transmission, and a safe asylum in case of exigency. The former would raise the heat and close up the boiler; the latter would provide a safety valve against the day of danger. For the whites, ten thousand refugees from impending "extermination," would present themselves, if pursued by the overwhelming power of the blacks; for the blacks, no civilized and Christian asylum upon the wide world is offered. Such an asylum the colonizationist would provide, and the abolitionist prevent! Which is the real friend of the master and of the slave?
D. D. WHELAN.
Wesleyan University, April, 1835.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1835.

THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

As the present Conference year is drawing near its close, we would respectfully invite the attention of the Preachers, and members of the Church generally, to the importance of large additions to the MISSIONARY FUND. The M. Education Society, though a very important institution, we trust will not absorb all the charities of the benevolent. A correspondent, writing us upon this subject, says—

"It is probably well known that the parent society is now some hundred dollars in debt, and that in consequence of several new appointments, the expenses of the next year will exceed that of any former year in which our Church has been engaged in Missionary operations. It is to be hoped that the report of the approaching Conference will show that the Auxiliaries have not lost their zeal in this cause of God and humanity; but that the missionary spirit is on the advance among us. The late news from Liberia, the success of our missionaries among the aborigines of our country, and the slave population at the South, all afford evidence that the God of Missions is still with us. The announcement of the appointment to South America, and the hope of soon hearing the Macedonian cry from beyond the rocky mountains, 'come over and help,' should inspire us with new zeal in the cause, and to renewed exertion to supply the men and means, to take up the line of march against the enemy, and with the host of God go up to encompass the whole land."

While upon the subject of missionary efforts we will present the following extract of a letter published in the Advocate and Journal. The plan is excellent.

AFRICAN JUVENILE SOCIETY.

The interesting letter of sister Fanning to Miss E. Reed, in which she so feelingly described their situation, induced us seriously to reflect on our duty toward them as Christians and philanthropists; felt called upon to act, and accordingly on the 18th ult. formed a Society connected with the Methodist Church on Lynn Common, which we called the "African Juvenile Society." Its object is to provide the native children at Liberia with clothing, so that they may with decency attend the mission schools. This society is composed of the females of the Sabbath school. Several children had a few months ago, however, among its members. Our constitution requires us to meet for labor once a fortnight, or pay a fine of two cents.

The proceeds of our labor (needle work of different kinds) will, with our fines, furnish us with cloth for the garments.

We hope to have a small box of clothing ready to send to Liberia by the first convenient opportunity.

Lynn, April 13.

LUCY HEDDING.

IGNORANCE OF METHODISM.

Rev. R. Potter, in his Pure Testimony, after complaining of the persecuting spirit manifested in our notice, says—

"If mine were a solitary case, I might indeed feel lonesome; but so far as such treatment from Methodist writers is concerned, I have for my company some of the best men that ever lived. Toplady, who died in the triumph of faith, was represented by them as having died in a back despair; as if it were not enough to defame their commercial opponents while in life and health, but the peaceful moments of the righteous, must be represented as the ravings of a demon; and all for the noble purpose of building up the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our constitution requires us to meet for labor once a fortnight, or pay a fine of two cents."

Perhaps the learned writer of the above would inform us at what period the Methodist Episcopal Church was established in England (where Toplady lived and died) and whether it is yet in existence. We pause for a reply.

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]

THE CONTEST BEGUN.

Catholic Statistics to be relied upon—Statistics Three Years ago—Progressive Increase of Emigration from 1800 to 1834—Calculations confirmed by observation—Present Amount—Emigration to the West—Protestant Emigration—Occasion for alarm and activity—Emigrant Priests.

MR. EDITOR—I have just received your last Herald, (April 15th), in which I find an article containing a number of queries, respecting the statistical statements I have made in my former letters, of the Catholic population in this country. After stating his doubts of the accuracy of these calculations, your correspondent proposes the question—How large is the entire Catholic population in the United States?

In replying, of course, Mr. Editor, it cannot be demanded of us to give the minute data from which those who have published the calculations have formed them. We have these statistics published by impartial men who have devoted their attention, professionally, as authors, to the subject, and who have investigated these data, and sent forth the results of their investigation to the public, along with the tables of your tonnage, customs, commerce, and census. The latter might as well be questioned, therefore, as the former.

But to the question. If your querist will consult one of these authorities—the American Almanac, for the year 1833—he will see that the Catholic population is stated at 800,000. Of these, 10,000 are assigned to your own city, and 20,000 to all New England. Now this estimate must have been made more than three years ago, for the work was published in October, 1832, and the materials of course were compiled some time before. No one who has travelled within three years in New England will suspect 20,000 to be an exaggerated number, for that section of the country. I doubt if it is more than three-fourths of the actual number of Catholics in Massachusetts alone; and I believe that they boast that number in Boston and its vicinity. It seems that the Lady Superior could procure for the defence of the faith that number of the "relics" of them. Here then, if a statement of good authority can be relied upon, "they" were "the largest denomination in the United States," even three years ago. Since that period, they have been augmenting at a most prodigious rate, so much so, that our mathematicians are baffled in the estimate, and it is absolutely impossible to ascertain any thing like a definite ratio in their increase. Look at the following statement, from the last North American Review, if you want confirmation of this assertion.

"The emigration to this country in the first ten years of this century, [i. e. from 1800 to 1810] was computed to average from 4000 to 6000 per annum. From 1812 to 1821, it exhibits an average of nearly 8000. In 1830, it had risen to more than 20,000. In 1833, perhaps 200,000."

That is, in three years the average increase per annum had risen ten fold—from 20,000 to 200,000. Now, Mr. Editor, at this astounding multiplication, which defies all mathematical regularity, and which in the space of three years increased ten fold, and was about two years ago 200,000 per annum, what was to be the per annum increase at the present time? Ought it not to have even surpassed 400,000 the last year, which is the number at which your correspondent is so surprised? If in three years the average increase per year were multiplied ten fold, of

course, in one year it ought to be multiplied three fold, which, at 200,000 for 1833, would give for 1834, 600,000 instead of 400,000. And it must be borne in mind by the reader, that this calculation refers to emigration alone. Add to this their domestic increase—for they are the most prolific class of our population—and will any man with open eyes question our statements?

These calculations account for the otherwise unaccountable multiplicity of Catholics we meet wherever we direct our steps. They fill our streets, through our corners, wharves, and resorts of business, circumscribe our cities with their hovels, and crowd our ram-shops. Let it be remembered that the above quotation from the North American Review, is stated by the writer to contain the lowest estimate that can properly be assumed. Within about two years the emigration to this country from Europe has been truly extraordinary. All Catholic Europe, as if taken up at the four corners, seems to be emptying into our country. A recent writer in one of the religious periodicals, taking the statement of the American Almanac as the basis of his calculation, asserts that the present Catholic population of this country cannot be less than one million, or one-fourteenth of our entire population; and permit me to say, Mr. Editor, from a more than ordinary attention to this subject, I cannot, without violence to my judgment, indulge the hope that he is deceived in these statements. A writer from the west informs us, that the emigration from Ireland alone will yearly average to the Vale of the Mississippi, 100,000, for the next five years, calculating from the past increase.

It cannot be said, that a large deduction ought to be made from the above estimates for the Protestant emigrants; for any one who has examined the subject knows that they are a very small portion of our foreign emigration, and in the large masses that for the last few years have thickened on our shores, are only as a drop in the bucket. Nearly all the Polish, German, Swiss, and Irish emigrants are Catholics. Oppressed by their sanctified rulers, and impoverished and degraded by ecclesiastical domination, they are compelled to starve, or flee for rescue to our own land. I am happy to have this opportunity to lay before your readers the preceding statistics. They show the true grounds of alarm, and furnish ample justification of the zeal and activity of the leaders of the present Catholic controversy. If there is an American Protestant who with these facts before him, does not feel interested in this controversy, and lend to his prayers and influence, that man is recreant alike to his country and his religion!

The chief obstacle now to the successful prosecution of the controversy, is the indifference of the Protestant community. There are even suspicions of the veracity of the intrepid men who have been standing out on the battlefields of the church, weeping over her desolations, and night and day crying aloud and sparing not, and calling on the people of God to

"Put on their armor. Put the helmet of salvation on, and gird their loins about with truth and righteousness, And wake and watch, the day is near—Great day of God Almighty and the Lamb!"

They have been charged with exaggerated statements;—let the above facts speak their verdict on the case.

The foregoing observations answer the first question of your correspondent, which I have quoted above, and likewise the third, which was—What evidence have we that 450,000 Catholic emigrants came over the last year? The other question is—Are the professions or occupations of emigrants noted at the Custom House?

This question is made in reference to the statement in my last, "that it has been ascertained from the official records of the Custom House, that 600 Catholic Priests came to this country during the last year." The statement was made in the New York Commercial Advertiser. Coming from so high a source, and one too that has nothing to do with the Catholic controversy, we deem it authentic, and of course there must be meant by "official records" some such notice as your correspondent inquires about. But if the professions of emigrants should not be made a matter of Custom House inquiry, it would be impossible, from what we know to be the examinations made by the Custom officers, not to learn whether a man is a Priest or not. I am inclined to think, however, that a paper of so high a mercantile character as the Commercial would not commit itself by using a phrase like the above, unless there were some actual record of the kind kept by the Custom House officers.

Yours, &c. G. H. I.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

It is sometimes defined as sorrow for crime. To this definition when given as the whole scriptural meaning of the word, we object. A sinner may be sorry for a fault simply because the consequences would be disastrous, and not because he has offended God. A man may have the "honor" of killing his best friend in a duel. He finds the result to be his friends despise him, and the lip of contempt and detestation is curled wherever he goes. He is sorry—but his sorrow is selfish. This is not the repentance which the holy apostle links with conversion. It rather produces death than life. We come then to the conclusion, that regret on account of past misconduct, merely, is not scriptural repentance.

What, then, is it?

Dr. Clarke says that the verb *metanoieo* (to repent) is properly compounded of *meta* (after) and *noieo* (to understand), which signifies, that after hearing, the sinner is led to understand, that the way he has walked in, is the way of misery, death, and hell. It implies after thought, and involves not only sorrow for sin, but an alteration of the affections—hated to evil on account of its wickedness, and submission to God. Repentance, then, is connected with all the feelings, and is not one single act of the mind. The change of salvation, throughout the Bible, is said to be a change of the whole moral character; yet Peter tells them if they would be saved, to repent. This is the whole of his direction;—consequently repentance is this merely sorry for sin, for we are informed that they were already "pricked in their hearts."

Since the friends of this cause have become sensible of the insufficiency of the old-fashioned pledge of total abstinence from ardent spirits alone; and have, in numerous instances, proposed the adoption of a more comprehensive obligation, they have encountered the opposition, not only of unpledged men, but of some individuals who are members of temperance societies. In all this, there is nothing unexpected or alarming. As we increase the fineness of the sieve, the chaff becomes separated from the flour. No reflecting man has ever doubted, that many, who have subscribed the pledges of total abstinence from ardent spirits alone, have made little if any sacrifice at all. When we elevate the standard, and embrace their customary inebriants, they abandon their ranks; they will serve no longer, in this army of the revolution, without their daily allowance, in one form or another. We are in a fair way to ascertain who are the ardent friends of temperance, and who are cold water men.

Through the kindness of their authors, I have been favored with the perusal of one or two anti-temperance addresses, so far as wine and the whole circle of milder inebriants are concerned. I can only marvel at the views entertained by these writers.

We have departed from our original plan, says one writer; we never contemplated any thing like this; we did not expect to be forced beyond the abandonment of ardent spirits. The original remonstrants against the oppression of Lord North's administration, never contemplated the final independence of the colonies. When the Massachusetts Society, about eighteen months ago, discussed the

question of abandoning their old system, established in the days of small things, and of adopting a pledge on the principle of total abstinence, even from ardent spirits, there were vigorous opponents, clerical and lay, who argued, night after night, in favor of the former arrangement. Yet, at the present day, we reflect with astonishment, upon the existence of a society of temperate drinkers, pledged to nothing! We say to the friends of wine and beer, *et id genus omne*, who are pledged to abstain from ardent spirit, the same thing which was replied to those members of the Massachusetts Society, who opposed the pledge and the recognition of the principle of total abstinence: we desire not to press you forward, beyond the measure of your free will; we ask, in return, that you will not restrain us from following the dictates of reason and conscience. We leave you the records and the entire control of the old society; we ourselves have resolved to go farther and form a new association, into which we should be happy to receive you, as members, whenever it may comport with your views and feelings.

We have enough to do, says another writer, while coping with alcohol, the great master curse. Let us put down this demon first, and then we will turn upon these minor spirits of mischief. This is very specious, but how utterly absurd! In the conversation of a sinner, who was a notorious violator of every commandment in the decalogue, would it be the wiser course to cure him first of his habit of stealing, then of idleness, and so forth, or preach to him, at once, of sin in the gross, and of the judgment to come! In striving against an assassin, would it be more judicious to direct our efforts to sever his right hand, regardless of the danger to his left, or to ensure our preservation by aiming at the heart? No crime has ever been committed, under the stimulus of rum, which crime cannot be shown to have been committed under the stimulus of wine, cider, and beer. It appears to me, that it would be about as discreet for the authorities of Madrid, where murders are most frequently perpetrated with the dagger, to disregard all murders committed in any other manner, until they should have completely restrained assassination with the stiletto. The end in view is the removal of intemperance. The habit, terminating, as it may, upon the most vulgar beverage, very frequently commences, on any other stimulus than ardent spirit. To remove the effect, we must remove the cause, and that cause is manifold. But I will trespass no longer on your columns, at the present time.

L. M. S.

ANOTHER PROPHECY.—Extraordinary characters are rapidly multiplying;—Joe Smith and Matthias will soon be thrown completely into the shade. We think they cannot do better than to retire into private life;—we forgot the latter had already been forced into an ignoble retirement.

EDWARD P. PAGE—we give his name in full—petitioned the last Congress for a grant of a million acres of land in Florida on which to establish a "Scientific Commonwealth." He calls himself "The High Priest of Nature," and says that on the night of the splendid meteor, "in November, 1833, there came to his 'beatific vision' an apparition of Jesus Christ, while he was praying to the Eternal Providence. He goes on in a similar strain to describe the glorious appearance of the apparition, and declares that ever since that time he has felt himself 'born again,' and gifted with prophetic honors."

He is making converts in New York.

ORATORIO AT BOWDOIN STREET CHURCH.

We had the pleasure of attending this Oratorio on Thursday evening.

1. The first chorus was of very difficult execution. Still to us it appeared but a confusion of chords and discords. We believe that simple music, which the unpracticed ear can appreciate and feel, is of the greatest value.

2. The following was very finely performed:—

From a Mass by MAUMASS.

The Lord our God is merciful,
Is merciful and gracious;
His truth shall last forevermore.

O magnify the Lord with me,
Exalt his name, the name of the Lord.
Hallelujah, Amen.

3. The Duet "O Salutaris."—Respectable.

4. Semi-chorus: "Beautiful; sung in staccato style.

5. The following chorus was tolerable:—

From the Oratorio of David.—NEWKUM.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

6. Trio.—Charming.

7. Chorus.—This was executed in very bad taste. The following, for instance, should have been sung slowly and solemnly; it was sung fast, and with great vivacity:—

From the Oratorio of Judah.—HAYDN.

The arm of the Lord is upon them,
By the edge of the sword they fell;
And the rolling thunder he cast on all.

Man against man he set them;
None can escape his fury;
The sword of the Lord destroyeth them all.

The following was sung as though it was a subject of deep lamentation:—

The Lord he will have mercy,
In peace he keepeth Zion—
In peace he keepeth Zion.

The selections from the Oratorio of David were upon the whole executed with great skill and taste. GOLIAH, however, appeared to be somewhat under the influence of fear. Was he thinking of the sling and stone?

FIREBRANDS.

MR. KINGSBURY.—This conceit of the Popish paper is not so very bad after all. Your paper is compared to a firebrand; and as Pepper's paper has lately been filled with toasts, as we are told by a writer in the last Herald, permit me to propose a sentiment myself:—

The uncompromising spirit of Methodism—like Samson of old, may it faint not, till it shall have tied just such a firebrand to the tail of every Roman Catholic fox, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean.

No JESUIT.

UNION TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—This is an association recently formed for the purpose of doing away the use not only of distilled but fermented liquors, such as wine, cider, and beer. The pledge reads thus:—

We, whose names are annexed, do hereby pledge ourselves not to use, as an article of diet, drink or luxury, any intoxicating liquor whatever, either distilled or fermented, so long as we are members of this Society. We also pledge ourselves not to use tobacco in any of its forms. We further pledge ourselves not to traffic in them, but to discountenance and discourage their use by all judicious and honorable means.

JEREMY TAYLOR was a man intimately acquainted with human nature. He well understood the secret workings, partialities, and prejudices of the heart of man. In this respect, his equal cannot be produced, if we except Shakespeare, a name which hardly deserves to be mentioned in connection with that of Jeremy Taylor. But if Bishop Taylor lacked in any degree the intuition of Shakespeare, the deficiency was more than made up, by the high motives and exalted character of his insight into human nature; while that of Shakespeare, was familiar only with the worldly and gross passions of the heart.

Every one who has read, must admire the writings of Bishop Taylor. He has, by his artless and beautiful similes, thrown around subjects naturally abstruse and uninviting, a charm, which is absolutely irresistible. We now refer particularly to that eloquent and splendid production, HOLY LIVING AND DYING.

The quaintness of his style, is a blemish of that peculiar kind, which is positively a beauty. To a modern writer,

however, who should adopt this style, this praise would not belong. It cannot be successfully imitated, any more than that of Ossian can. The day has passed. We can only read and admire.

To sustain the position we have taken, it is only necessary to present the following paragraphs, which seem to us, (excuse the hyperbole, gentle reader) to be beyond the perfection of excellence itself. Such fine passages, however, adorned with beautifully original similes, may be found on almost every page of the work we have mentioned.—A.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our temper. He who prays to God with an angry or troubled spirit, is like the man who retires into the midst of a battle for meditation, or sets up his closet in the midst of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; it is directly opposed to that disposition which presents our prayers in a right line to God.

For so have I seen a lark, rising from its bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as it rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was driven back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration, and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant, and stay, till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did wise and sing, as though it sped, leading music and motion from an angel, as he passed through the air about his ministries here below.

So it is when a storm rises in the spirit, and overrules the good man: his prayer is broken, and his thoughts troubled, his words go upward toward a cloud, and his thoughts call them back again, and make them without intention. The good man sighs for his infirmity, but he must be content to loose the prayer, and he must recover it, when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, and made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; then it ascends, and dwells with God, until it returns laden with the blessing and dew of heaven.

"SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT."—This book is being scattered in every direction. Two power presses are kept constantly employed, and about forty hands. The publishers cannot meet half the demands that they receive. Truth will triumph.

EXTRACTS OF EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To brother Ellis, the writer of the following, we are under many obligations, and we take this opportunity to express our thanks.

DUDLEY, MASS.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I send you four new subscribers for your interesting and useful paper, which makes, I believe, twenty-one that I have obtained for you within little more than a year.—Wherever I have had an invitation to preach, I have made the inquiry, Do you take Zion's Herald? Do not some of your neighbors wish to take it? Can't I get some subscribers for it in this neighborhood? Some of our brethren have said that "they did not think that I could, and it would be useless to try;" but I have made the trial, and in almost every instance have succeeded far beyond my expectations. As there are but few members of the Methodist Church where I have generally preached, of course some of those subscribers are members of other churches, and some of them do not profess religion.

I intend, wherever God in his Providence casts my lot, to use my influence to support your paper.

Yours, &c. JOSEPH S. ELLIS.

WILLIAMSBURG, MASS.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—With much satisfaction, I have read the Herald of late; especially those parts of it which have been devoted to the subjects of Popery and Slavery. The numbers headed, "Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States," as far as I am acquainted, have been read with interest. The style of the writer, the facts stated, and the truly Christian spirit in which the several numbers have been written, are spoken of with admiration. There is certainly a waking up to this subject, as far as I am acquainted, among Christians of different sects.—I think, sir, that the community need to be apprized of the near approach of the "Man of Sin," and that a strong moral influence ought to be exerted against him. Let the "Beast" be unmasked and brought out into the light, so that we may see its form, and let its designs, and its deceptive plans be exposed to the world, and then, if we are deceived, we will soon be undeceived. But if these plans are suffered to mature, the iron arm of despotism will inevitably fall upon us. We have proof enough of what Popists would do, if they had the power in their own hands, by their frequent nois.

SLAVERY, too, is a subject that ought to have a part in our meditations. I am, far very far from thinking that a proper discussion of it would defile any religious newspaper; for, if I rightly apprehend the question, it is one of a moral character, and if moral subjects are not proper ones to be discussed, I ask, what subjects are proper? As it has been said, so it may be said again, "We want light on this subject." How shall we obtain it, if our brethren who are mighty in argument, "and can bring forth their strong reasons," are not allowed to speak out on this subject, while they feel it like a fire consuming them?

There are hundreds in the community, who know but little more about Slavery, than that it exists. But it is becoming the subject of conversation at the fireside, and the spirit of philanthropy that has long slumbered in the cradle of ignorance, is beginning to show its noble genius. Let the subject be discussed in a candid manner, and in a proper spirit. Let truth speak out. Give us light, and we shall soon be able to act prudently and conscientiously.

Yours, &c. E. M. BREE.

A brother in Vermont writes—

My paper goes all over my neighborhood, (other denominations,) and your course with regard to Popery is universally approved; but it is with me as with "A Friend" in your paper of April 8th—they all like to borrow.—I think it has done great good in removing prejudice from the mind. Our doctrines and discipline need only to be known, to be approved. I hope soon to be able to send you some new subscribers.

NEW VINELAND, ME.

We have been honored with a visit from the Right Rev.

however, who should adopt this style, this praise would not be long. It cannot be successfully imitated, any more than that of Osian can. The day has passed. We can only read and admire.

To sustain the position we have taken, it is only necessary to present the following paragraphs, which seem to be, (excuse the hyperbole, gentle reader) to be beyond the perfection of excellence itself. Such fine passages, however, adorned with beautifully original similes, may be found on almost every page of the work we have mentioned.—

PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our temper. He who prays to God with an angry or troubled spirit, is like a man who retires into the midst of a battle for meditation, or sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army. Prayer is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; it is directly opposed to that disposition which presents our prayers in a right line to God.

For so have I seen a lady, rising from her bed of grief, and rising upwards, singing as it rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird as driven back by the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending here at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover the vibration, and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down, and pant, and lay, till the storm was over, and then it made a proper flight, and did rise and sing, as though it had learned music and motion from the angel as it passed through the air about his ministries here below.

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JOSEPH S. ELLIS.

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The style of the writer, the facts stated, and the truly Christian spirit in which the several numbers have been written, are spoken of with admiration. There is certainly a walking to this subject, as far as I am acquainted, among Christians of different sects—I think, sir, that the community needs to be apprized of the near approach of the "Man of sin," and that a strong moral influence ought to be exerted against him. Let the "Beast" be unmasked and brought out into the light, so that we may see its form, and let its designs, and its deceptive plans be exposed to the world, and then, if we are deceived, we will soon be undeceived. But, if these plans are suffered to mature, the arm of despotism will inevitably fall upon us. We have proof enough of what Popery would do, if they had power in their own hands, by their frequent nobles.

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Yours, &c.

E. M. BEEBE.

A brother in Vermont writes—My paper goes all over my neighborhood, (other nominations,) and your course with regard to Popery is universally approved; but it is with me as with "A Unionist" in your paper of April 5th—they all like to borrow it—I think it has done great good in removing prejudice from the mind. Our doctrines and discipline need to be known, to be approved. I hope soon to be able to send you some new subscribers.

NEW VINEYARD, ME.

We have been honored with a visit from the Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, to raise a monument near the Kennebec river, in commemoration of the death of Bishop Doane, who acted as sin-pardoner to the Indians, who were continually butchering the inhabitants on the Kennebec, and who, together with the Indians, were routed and slain 9 years previous to the erecting of said monument.

Yours, respectfully,

E. M. BEEBE.

THE PURE TESTIMONY. For the notice we took of this unique publication, we have been severely "wrapped over the knuckles" by its several Editors. The only reply we deem it important to make, is to publish the following from one of the oldest teachers in the New England Conference, which we received a few days after H. C. had administered his censure.

superficial, and they now seem to be so amalgamated in his mind that he appears to be incapable of viewing any one theory with distinctness. When I first saw him, he professed to be a Methodist in doctrine, but he was very far from it. Some years ago, he wrote powerfully against Dr. A. Clarke, and handed him, as he said, "without mittens." I saw he had misquoted and misrepresented the Doctor, and really began to write him to convince him of the fact, but reflecting on his peculiar genius, despaired of success. Three or four years afterwards he made the discovery himself, (unless he had a prompter,) and wrote to Rev. T. Merritt, then editor of the Herald, and wished him to publish his correction, &c. The editor regretted with him that he had not sooner found out his mistake; but recommended some other method to inform his readers, as it was not probable that many, if any of them, ever saw the Herald. Perhaps since he has established his "periodical," he has made a faithful correction. (a) This being the case, perhaps "H. C." had better wait a few years, and it is possible Mr. P. may find out that he has entirely misrepresented Wesley and Fletcher, and our doctrine in general, and if he should make the discovery, charity would induce us to think he will confess his fault.

PATIENCE.

(a) Doubtful.—Eo.

We publish the following because it contains the truth. It often the case that many suppose, by supplying the fire-wood, or furnishing oil, for the church, they do all their duty. But the Preacher is unable to eat fire-wood or drink oil;—he is made of the same substance, and needs the same kind of nourishment as other men—the same kind of clothes—the same kind of houses. We, therefore, in reply to our correspondent's question, answer, It is not right. But perhaps the Preacher, himself, is frequently in fault, if he do not receive his whole claim. Does he present it? Does he urge it as his right? He should remember—and the people should remember—that it is not a charity, but a debt, which should as much be paid as any debt of the church?

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

IS IT RIGHT?

There is one way in which our travelling Preachers are wronged. Here is brother A, B, and C, cannot (or rather will not) give the Preacher any thing this year, for they have paid so much towards the Meeting and parsonage houses; D has furnished wood; E has furnished oil for lights; F tells the bell, opens and shuts the house on the Sabbath. Sister G has, or intends to wash the pulpit stairs and altar, before the year closes. Brother H has paid so much to aid the singing school; I, has sent his children to school, and had to purchase new books for them to sing from; and it has taken all the money J could get to enlarge his barn and paint his house. Others have not attended meeting much this year; others have taken a long and expensive journey to visit a friend, or for their health; or had one of their horses stolen, a cow die, a daughter married, or something else, so that they all "must be excused from paying any thing this year, but the next year they will contribute largely." I ask again, Is it right?

A STEWARD.

THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald: I am a believer in the same faith with you, on many points, and am therefore induced to notice some remarks of yours, on the Theatres. When you have examined the history of the stage, (and have attended the Theatre,) and are capable of judging whether Theatres be or be not evils, I should like to have your opinion. I would defend Theatres to the last—while a single spot remained on which to stand.

Sir, look on New Haven—the young men and women there—the state of morals there—the evening occupations of both sexes. It is the greatest Pandemonium in New England, except Hartford, (d) which is the very hot-bed of vice.

THEATRE.

(a) We have; and know that what was once pure, is now impure,—that what once was properly called the "Theatre" should now be called "The hot-bed of licentiousness."

(b) We have, but are sorry to say it. In the days of our boyhood, we did "attend the theatre," but praise the Almighty that we were not so dazzled by the glare, as to be unconsciously sucked into the deep and gaping whirlpool of crime and ruin ever since.

(c) You had better yield. The "spot" upon which any advocate of the Theatre stands is rotten.

(d) A slander too obvious to deserve a reply.

THE CELEBRATION AT LEXINGTON. The services in commemoration of those who fell in the battle of Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775, took place on Monday last week. About 11 o'clock, a procession was formed, and proceeded, under military escort, to the village burying ground, where the remains of those who fell on that memorable day were disinterred. The coffin containing these relics was then conveyed, accompanied by the procession, to the meeting house on the battle field, where an eloquent oration was delivered by the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT.

The following original Ode, breathing the true inspiration of poetry, was sung:—

ODE

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Time, "America."

Long, in a nameless grave,
Bones of the true and brave!
Have ye reposed!
This day, our hands have dressed,
This day our prayers have blessed
A chamber for your rest;
And now 'tis closed.

Sleep on ye slaughtered ones!
Your spirit in your sons,
Shall guard your dust,
While winter comes in gloom,
While spring returns with bloom,
Nay—till this honored tomb
Gives up its trust.

When war's first blast was heard,
These men stood forth to guard
Thy house, O God!
And now, thy house shall keep
Its vigils where they sleep,
And still its shadows sweep
O'er their green sod.

In morning's prime they bled;
And morning finds their bed
With tears all wet:
Tears that thy hosts of light,
Rising in order bright,
To watch their tomb all night,
Shed for them yet.

Naught shall their slumbers break:
For they shall not awake,
Nor yet be raised
Out of their sleep, before
Thy heavens, now arching o'er
Their couch, shall be no more,
Thy name be praised!

After the conclusion of the exercises, the coffin was conveyed to the Monument erected a few years since, and deposited by its side.

CHURCH STREET SABBATH SCHOOL. (Concluded.)

Listen attentively and I will tell you. I wish to explain to you how much God has loved you, and how much he now loves you. Have you always obeyed the commands of God?

No, sir.

You have done a great many things which God has forbidden in his laws?

Yes, sir.

And you have left a great many things undone which God has told you to do?

Yes, sir.

You know you all told me that it would be of no use to

have laws, without having punishments for breaking them; now can you tell me what is the punishment for breaking the laws of God?

Everlasting punishment in another world.

Yes, the Bible says "everlasting destruction from the presence of God and the glory of his power." The punishment for breaking God's law is to be driven away from heaven, and to go to the place prepared for wicked spirits, and to be there forever. Well, then, if you have broken the laws of God, this is what you are exposed to. And every body in the world has broken the laws of God, and all are exposed to this punishment. Now it would not do, children, for the great God to permit his laws to be broken, without inflicting the punishment which he said he would. His laws would be disgraced if he should, and he would not be just. Men do so sometimes, but the great Creator cannot.

I have been telling you this story about the good king to explain to you why Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour, came into the world, and suffered, and at last died on the cross. It was because God loved the people in the world so much, although they had every one of them broken his laws and rebelled against him. He wanted to forgive them, and so he permitted his only begotten son to suffer and die instead of the world. Now he can tell us all, that if we will return to him and leave off breaking his laws, he will forgive us, and that we shall be his children. He says also that he will take away our hard hearts and give us new hearts, so that we may love him and be willing to obey his laws.

Do you not see, children, how much God loves the world?—And as you said that you had disobeyed God, do you not see how important it was for the blessed Redeemer to die for you, so that you need not have to suffer the dreadful punishment of your sins? But if you do not leave off disobeying the commands of your kind Heavenly Father, and come to him for a new heart, the death of Christ will do you no good, and though he has done so much for you, it will all be in vain. Now what ought you to do?

Repent.

Yes, you should be sorry for your sins, and make up your minds that you will leave them off, and serve God. When ought you to repent?

Now.

Yes, you should not put it off. And when you have made up your minds to serve God, you should go to him in the name of Jesus Christ, and pray him to forgive you, and to give you his Holy Spirit to change your hearts.

When I go home, I shall go up into my room and pray that God will bless you, and help you to set out in his service, and I hope that you will also go home and pray for yourselves.—

BILLS!

We commence sending out, this week, bills to the preachers for collection, in order that we may have a large and full return at the approaching session of the New England Conference.

We would assure our brethren that it is extremely important to us to have these accounts—especially those of one or two years' standing—promptly settled. We have some heavy outstanding debts to pay. Our bill for paper alone is about \$800! These facts need only be presented.

We would take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the Preachers generally, for the assistance the Herald has received from them during the past year. By their exertions, our list of subscribers has increased to about 3100, making a net increase of 761. It is necessary, however, that we should have a much larger number, in order to pay the current expenses and the debts incurred by the Association, when it assumed the proprietorship of the paper. We should not have the grace to urge this thing, were the income of the paper going to benefit any individual, or even the Association itself. The income of the paper is pledged to the N. E. Conference. Cannot the subscription list be increased during the ensuing year, to at least 4000?—It can. It depends upon you, brethren, to say—IT SHALL.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We send out the bills, as will be perceived by the above, for collection. We hope each account will be immediately settled, upon presentation.

"Oh, but my bill is so small—only \$2—that it can't embarrass the concern if I don't pay it now."

But, good sir, how many others, think you, say the same? Our whole income is made up of small sums.

In some cases—when we are unacquainted with the name of the Preacher—we send bills to the subscribers themselves. They will oblige us, by paying the money over to their Pastors, or transmitting it by mail, immediately to us.

Errors will unavoidably occur, as we have accounts to keep with over three thousand persons; BUT THEY WILL ALWAYS BE CHEERFULLY CORRECTED.

PROVINCETOWN.—We are informed that our subscribers in Provincetown do not receive their papers, sometimes at all! The fault is not at our office. The papers are done up in a strong wrapper; the carelessness must rest, either upon the Post Master at Provincetown, or upon some one on the route. There is one strange circumstance connected with this matter—some of our subscribers at that place receive their papers, on certain weeks, while others do not. We are sure that all are sent by us. If complaints continue to be made we would thank brother Risley to give us immediate notice, and the faulty one shall be discovered.

DEATH OF REV. DANIEL FREEMAN.—We learn by the Christian Guardian, that the REV. DANIEL FREEMAN, an aged and highly esteemed minister of the Methodist Church, died at Windham, Lower Canada, on the 10th inst. We subjoin the following paragraph from the Guardian.—

We believe Mr. Freeman was the first Methodist travelling preacher that ever visited the Niagara and London Districts—and that he may be regarded as the Apostle of Methodism in those parts of the Province. He was a man of sound understanding—during the days of his itinerancy he was a commanding, powerful, successful, and popular preacher; and even "in age and feebleness extreme," he was always heard with attention and profit. Perhaps no man in Canada has gratuitously labored to so great an extent in preaching funeral sermons during the last fifteen or twenty years, until since he has become unable to take any part in the ministrations of the sanctuary. Mr. F. is extensively known among the preachers and elder members of the connection. A biographical sketch of his life will be looked for with anxiety.

METHODISM IN HOLLISTON, MASS. Last Sabbath, by leave of Providence, we had the pleasure to see more than ordinary—of meeting the interesting society formed at Holliston within a few years past. While there, we gathered the following brief history of the rise of Methodism in that place.

The first Methodist sermon ever delivered in the town, was by Rev. Mr. Bonnell, in 1794, in Mr. Ebenezer Cutler's barn. A few were converted, and connected themselves with the Needham circuit. Preachers at that day, however, were thankful if they were not compelled to preach with no covering but heaven's broad canopy. A barn was, in many cases, a luxury. But when we compare the barns and the sheds of the past, and the towering spires of the present, well may we exclaim, with bursting hearts, "What has God wrought!"

The first class, consisting of but three members, was formed in 1831. There were but few additions, comparatively, until 1832. The people were in that year favored with the labors of brothers Palmer, Benton, Livesey, A. D. Merrill, and Robbins. The consequence was a very

interesting revival. During this year Holliston Society was formed.

In 1833 a most beautiful house of worship was dedicated to God: sermon by Rev. Jotham Horton. Its size is 41 by 56, and contains 62 pews. This temple stands upon an eminence, and presents a very imposing front.

Its interior is neat, chaste, and economical. The pulpit is after an original model. It is placed in a deep recess, and the sides, being arched, throw out the whole voice of the speaker upon the congregation. Another advantage by thus placing it is, that two additional pews are added to the house.

The church now consists of about 115 members,—the number having been more than doubled, by the persevering efforts of brother Cady. We would remark here that we were happy to learn that the people were well united in their pastor, and that his labors were very acceptable. The church enters with commendable energy into all the benevolent operations of the day. It has a Missionary Education Society, which has, within the very short period that it has been formed, collected \$60; a Sabbath School, Bible and Tract Society, a flourishing Sabbath School, and one or two Bible Classes.

"A SHORT CORRESPONDENCE."—We have received a pamphlet signed Thomas Prime, who was excluded from Howard Street Church, Salem, over which Rev. George B. Cheever has the pastoral charge. He was expelled for retaining ardent spirits. The defence is but a bad one, and if he expected sympathy by sending his pamphlet to you, he was much mistaken. The course taken by this church we cordially approve. This is the only way to purge her from impurity.

"A KENTUCKIAN'S OPINION OF FINE LADIES."—We published last week an extract with the above caption, which we should not have done, had we read it more carefully. We glanced over it hastily, as Editors are often compelled to do. This is our apology; and those who have the management of periodicals will consider it entirely sufficient. An Editor is sometimes an object of pity, rather than censure. "Copy!" "Copy!" It is sometimes the cry from two or three voices. He looks in his desk—it is empty. He looks over his selections—none will do. He seizes his scissors—those best friends and never failing resorts—glances over an article, cuts it out, and hands it to the printer. At this very moment, gentle reader, while we are penning this article, and raising an ejaculation to heaven that we may be assisted by divine grace, a younger stands at our elbow impatiently twisting his fingers, and waiting for what we are now writing.

"But we can't get that all in this week, sir!"

So we must stop.

Chapter of News.

The Convention trustees appeared at the Supreme Judicial Court, on Tuesday, 14th inst., and continued their recognitions for their appearance on the first of June, when they will be put upon trial.

The large cotton factory in Framingham, owned by Mr. Isaac McCallan, of this city, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night.

On the morning of the 11th inst. the extensive turpentine works of Messrs. Orrock & Simmons, in the easterly part of Roxbury, were entirely destroyed by fire.

An extensive fire occurred at Woonsocket Falls, on the night of the 14th inst., destroying the post office, a dwelling house and factory.

Two stables were burnt at Albany, N. Y., last week, and four horses and one cow perished in the flames. The fire was caused by an incendiary.

The dwelling house of Mr. Nathaniel S. Dodge, of Pittsfield, in this State, was entered on the night of the 13th inst., and robbed of \$1900 in bills on the Wm. Briggs & Co., of New York, and \$250 for the thief or money.

A man recently called on the editor of the Miners' Journal, (in Pennsylvania,) and requested permission to look at his exchange papers. While reading, he appeared to be particularly struck with an advertisement in a Harrisburg paper, offering a reward for a forger who had escaped from prison; and the editor, suspecting all was not right, called in a constable, when the man confessed he was the rogue advertised!

A dreadful tornado occurred at Columbia, Tenn., on 21st ult., sweeping every thing before it, killing eight persons, and wounding a great many more.

Cornelius W. Lawrence has been re-elected Mayor of New York City.

It is about a year since the first section of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road was opened, and during that time 100,000 passengers have been conveyed in the cars. Nearly \$36,000 fare have been received.

In attempting to prove that Matthias was insane, it was stated by one of the witnesses that he (Matthias) had called the city of New York "a second Sodom and Gomorrah." We have seen many far more striking proofs of insanity than that.

An affray took place at Maysville, Ky., on the 9th inst., between three men, named McKinley, Hayes, and Lilliston, in which the former was shot with a pistol, and died the next morning. Cause—Rum.

Some excitement prevails in Louisiana, in consequence of Gov. White's appointing naturalized foreigners to certain offices, instead of Americans. A public meeting was held in New Orleans, and resolutions, censuring the course of the Executive, were introduced into the Legislature, and rejected by a small majority.

The Toronto (U. C.) Patriot, the British government organ, is out in behalf of the Roman Catholic aliens of the United States—justifying their riots, and abusing our American citizens.

Several cases of cholera have lately occurred at Toronto and Montreal, Canada.

A fellow about 19 years of age, has been apprehended in Baltimore, supposed to be one of the gang of incendiaries who have done so much mischief in that city. The proof was positive that he had been seen cutting the hose of one of the fire companies.

At Fredericksburg, Va., last week, a man was taken out of the water, having a rope tied round his knees and ankles, supposed to have been murdered.

The baggage car on the New Jersey Rail Road caught fire on Friday, 17th inst., soon after the train left Bordentown, and before it could be extinguished, three-fourths of the baggage of 200 passengers was entirely destroyed. A trunk containing 1500 in bank bills was barely saved. A newspaper mail bag was entirely consumed, and the letters also much mutilated and some burnt. The fire was caused by the ignition of a large quantity of Lucifer matches, which were in some case or trunk.

A fire broke out on the night of the 21st inst. in a large calico printing establishment in Willow street, Philadelphia. The contents of the factory were destroyed, and nothing but the walls of the building left standing.

The large mail from Columbus to Cincinnati, Ohio, was taken from the boat of the stage on the night of the 24th ult. The mail bag was found on the morning of the 25th ult. near Jefferson, cut to pieces, and its contents, paper packages and letters, were very much damaged, and scattered about in every direction. All the packages were carefully collected, dried, and returned into the mail, by the Postmaster at Jefferson. Great exertions have been made to detect and apprehend the robber, but they have as yet proved unsuccessful.

The dwelling house and tavern of Mr. Jones, on the Morris turnpike, N. J., was destroyed by fire on Sunday evening, 25th ult. To Mr. Jones, who is not only well advanced in years, but unfortunately afflicted with blindness, this unexpected event is indeed a distressing calamity.

A fire broke out in St. Louis, Missouri, in a livery stable on Market street, on the 6th inst. The stable was destroyed, and fifty-one horses perished in the flames. The old Polish church, which was occupied as a warehouse, was also consumed.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a fire broke out in the starch factory of Mr. John Wright, No. 70 Hammond street, New York, which was entirely consumed. It also communicated to the adjoining buildings, two story brick dwelling houses, three of which were consumed, and others damaged.

On Tuesday night, 14th inst., the store and goods of Messrs. Mitchell & Bryant, in East Bridgewater, were destroyed by fire; loss, about \$5000—insurance, \$1800. The dwelling house of Seth Copeland of West Bridgewater, was consumed the same night.

Last week the body of an unknown man was found in a fish-net, three miles from Albany. He was about 35 years of age, and weighed 160 pounds.

A little girl in the market at Baltimore, as we learn by the Republican, being observed weeping bitterly, saying she was abandoned by her parents, a lady took her home, clothed her, and gave her a night's lodging. The next morning the varlet was off, carrying with her numerous light articles she had purloined!

The Editor of the Boundary Gazette, published at Cahins, Me., says he has received, by the brig Mung, Liverpool papers, which state that the French Chamber of Deputies have dissolved without making the appropriation for the payment of the American Claims. []

The King of France is becoming very religious. He attends mass daily, and confesses every month!

A man and his wife, natives of America, who had become extremely reduced, lately committed suicide in London, by suffocating themselves with the fumes of charcoal.

A great fire occurred in the Chinese district of Macao on the 5th of November last. It broke out in some boats moored near the bank of the river, which were destroyed, together with about 400 well built houses.

An insurrection took place among the slaves at Bahia on the 25th of January, which would have proved very serious, had not the police obtained timely notice of their design. About 200 slaves were killed, and great numbers fled to the woods, where most of them were either shot or taken prisoners.

A CARD.

BROTHER KINGSBURY—Permit me through the medium of the Herald, to return my grateful acknowledgments to the members of the Female Missionary Society of Western and vicinity, for their kindness in constituting me a Life-Member of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, by the payment of \$20.

AMOS BINNEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

J. B. Perry (who regret the mistake very much, and have promptly corrected it. The \$10 you sent has been credited; please receive this as a receipt. Accept our thanks for the interest you manifest in the Herald. We have sent to the new subscribers at Norwich, not Newburgh, City, Conn. (If wrong please inform us)—I. Johnson (J. W. W. Adams)—C. Cowing—H. Bidwell—D. I. Robinson—C. Adams—W. Wolcott—W. Wilbur (25 cents due)—S. Daggett—E. Hale—D. Field—B. H. Willis—N. Colburn—P. C. Griffin—We have not the Herald from Jan. 1, but will as far back as we can.)

Married.

In this city, Mr. William P. Phelps to Miss Malah Harris.—Mr. George G. of Manchester, to Miss Sarah Ann Tye, of this city.—Mr. William Woods to Miss Sophia Chase.—Mr. W. W. Simmons to Miss Catherine Furthush.—Mr. Benjamin Penfield to Miss Susan P. Whitney.—Mr. Jonas G. Baker, of New York, to Miss Mary E. B., daughter of Capt. Wentworth Knights, of this city.—Mr. Jason M. Berry to Miss Mary Ann Woods.—On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. D. Fillmore, Mr. Moses Wood, of Albany, to Miss Abigail C. Fellows of Boston.

In Brighton, Mr. George Sparhawk to Miss Mary S. Jackson.

In Marlboro', Mr. Charles Howe to Miss Lucy Rice.

In Walpole, Mr. Joseph F. Stearns, of Foxboro', to Miss Esther Page.

In Newbury, Lower Falls, Mr. Elisha Livermore, jr. of Waltham, to Miss Faith S., daughter of Mr. George W. Hoag.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

STEPHEN HUNT.

When there falls a father in Israel," one who has borne "the burden and the heat of the day," whose name is associated with the rise and progress of the Church of Christ, for a long series of years, and who not only possessed those traits which adorn the Christian character, but whose life exhibits certain evidences illustrative of the grand principles of our holy religion; his memory calls for a passing tribute of respect from those who survive, not only for the gratification of those who may be personally acquainted with the subject of the narrative, but also for the comfort and instruction of all who desire to "live godly in Christ Jesus."

Stephen Hunt, the subject of this, was born in Providence, R. I., December 6, 1761. At fourteen years of age, he experienced religion in Attleborough, Mass., an abiding sense of which he never seems to have lost to the day of his death. But as Calvinism was the only doctrine known in these parts in those days, and as the inconsistency and unscriptural character of this creed were very manifest to him, even at that early age, he would not connect himself with any church under such circumstances.

His first acquaintance with the Methodists was in 1792, when he invited the Rev. LEMUEL SMITH to his house, which has been a sanctuary for the ministers of the cross from that day until the present. Finding the doctrines of the Methodists perfectly congenial with his own views of divine truth, and being peculiarly pleased with the spirit of piety they manifested, he immediately identified his own interests with theirs, and remained firm to his purpose to the end.

The next year, the Providence circuit was formed, which included a great part of the State of Rhode Island, and a part of Massachusetts as far as Easton, embracing an extent of country of about 150 miles; and which now contains a large number of flourishing stations, which have been reared from the seed then cast into the ground. His house was then made a regular appointment in this circuit, and a class was finally formed, a remnant of which yet remains.

As his house was nearly in the centre of the circuit, and upon the great road leading from Providence to Taunton and eastward, it was made, at his own request, a grand stopping place for all passing to and fro in their extensive travels. Many a way worn pilgrim, in those days which tried men's souls, when the name of Methodist was a reproach, found a quiet home in the family of "Father Hunt."

In this work and labor of love, Father Hunt, of course, met with much opposition. Some attempted to persuade him to have nothing more to do with the Methodists, while others employed themselves in predicting his ruin. There is one fact connected with this part of the life of Father Hunt, highly illustrative of an important principle of our holy religion—"there is that giveth, and yet increaseth." Immediately after the division of his father's estate, but a fifth part of which fell to his share, he informed me that that fifth part yielded him more than the whole farm had previously done. And notwithstanding he was of a weakly frame himself, and was much afflicted with sickness in his family for a series of years, yet God so blessed his "basket and his store," that while he was contributing of his then comparatively scanty substance for the good of the church, he has finally left behind him an estate, which, considering all circumstances, could not have been looked for in the course of human events.

He was remarkably sociable; but, like most other aged men, lived wholly in the past; he knew nothing of the present. The events of forty and fifty years date appeared to be perfectly fresh in his memory; and it was his delight to relate the experience of his youth, and the several circumstances connected with the introduction of Methodism into this part of the country, and to speak of the characters and labors of the several preachers who had visited his hospitable mansion, and whom he and his pious partner seemed to hold in affectionate remembrance.

He finally "fell asleep" in Jesus, February 7, 1835, aged 73 years and two months.

S. W. COGGESHALL.

Taunton, April 15, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. SUSAN PIKE.

It becomes our duty to record the virtues of another mother in Israel, who has left the Church below to swell the triumph above. Our much lamented sister, having in her younger days experienced religion, became a member of the Calvinistic Baptist Church in Effingham, but soon found that the dogmas of Calvinism were unbecoming with her views of gospel salvation. She withdrew from their communion, and attended the means of grace in several societies, until those holy men of God, the pioneers of Methodism in this northern region, came and preached the doctrines she had uniformly believed. She joyfully embraced the opportunity of becoming a member of the church which they represented, and remained to the day of her death to praise God that she had found a people with whom she felt perfectly united in sentiment and heart.

But in her useful and devoted life she shone conspicuously the graces of the Spirit. Her memory is embalmed in many hearts, who have found in her counsel, exhortations, and prayers, unspeakable blessings. Her last illness she endured without a murmur. She was frequently unspeakably happy, and longed to depart and be with Christ.

"The soul of our sister is gone,
To heighten the triumph above;
And clasp'd in the arms of his love."

Wakefield, April 3d, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Gileam, N. H., April 4th, our much esteemed and deeply lamented sister, STARRA C. WARE, aged 19. But two short years had passed away after she found the pearl of great price (a part of which time she spent in Lowell) before she was called to test the principles of her religion in the agonies of death. But she found her confidence strong, and her hope unshaken in the merits of the Redeemer. As the close of life drew near she remarked, "It is through much tribulation that we must enter glory;" and then exclaimed, "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" Then the wheels of life stood still, and her happy spirit took its flight to the church triumphant.

Keene, N. H., April 15, 1835.

G. BECKLEY.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE CHURCH STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

Government.—The school is conducted by one superintendent, one librarian, and thirty-six teachers. It is opened by reading a portion of Scripture, and prayer, and closed with singing. The government of the school properly devolves on the superintendent; and it is essential for the prosperity of the school, that he should have the confidence of all the teachers. The principal means which have been adopted to promote order, have been private reproof, faithful conversation, and informing the parents of those who have been disorderly. These have thus far been found sufficient to correct improper conduct in the school.

Studies.—We have, in accordance with the recommendation of the board of managers, adopted the Sabbath School Teachers' Second Book, by Rev. J. Matthias, and have proceeded regularly with the lessons from that work. The smaller scholars are engaged in committing to memory the first numbers of the Catechism. Questions on doctrinal and practical subjects are proposed, and the scholar is required to find appropriate answers from the Scriptures.

Library.—The Library contains two hundred and forty-four volumes. The Youths' Library, as published at the Book Room, New York, we find to be an excellent selection, and worthy a place in every Sabbath School. The books are allowed to be kept out two weeks. We begin to experience much difficulty in consequence of the small number of books. The scholars are often obliged to go without any, or take some one which they have before read. The children manifest a great desire to read, and judicious books placed in their hands, are an efficient auxiliary to the instructions of the teachers. One parent has handed us \$5.00, being one-tenth part of the profits arising from an undertaking connected with his business. Three individuals have also pledged themselves to raise one-tenth of one hundred dollars for the purpose of enlarging the library, provided the whole amount is raised. We hope the friends of the school will not suffer us to be embarrassed, but will readily furnish us with a supply of books.

Teachers.—There are sixteen male, and twenty female teachers. All except one are professors of religion, seventeen having experienced the pardon of their sins, since the formation of the school, nine of whom are young men. The school has been essentially a means of grace to the teachers. Many of them as will be perceived, are in their first love. By being connected with the school, they have become more deeply interested in the cause of God, and the prosperity of Zion. They have been assisted by the friends of the church, and have formed a society called the Church Street Benevolent Society. Already their labors have been blessed. Several children who were destitute, have been clothed and brought into the school. The blessings of many ready to perish, will rest upon them.

Scholars.—The record shows sixty-four boys, and one hundred and six girls. The class books are examined on the first Sabbath in each month, and the correct number recorded on the minute book. Ten scholars have experienced religion, and now bid fair to be an honor and a blessing to their parents and the church, and promise much to the future character of the school. We commenced meeting with those scholars who were desirous to be conversed with on the subject of religion, in the afternoon during public service. About twenty usually tarried. We have lately dispensed with this practice, and have adopted a plan which we trust will be succeeded with the blessing of heaven. The scholars now remain in the school room, and appropriate exercises are conducted with special reference to their capacities, for their instruction and profit.

Bible Class.—There is attached to the school a Bible class, established principally for the benefit of the teachers. The lessons for the Sabbath are studied and explained, and by this means the teachers become better qualified to attend to their duties, than they otherwise could be.

Remarks.—We cannot in justice close this report, without referring to our beloved pastor, Rev. A. Stevens. From the formation of the school, he has shown how dear to his heart is the cause of Sabbath schools. The teachers have seen in him a constant and practical demonstration of the benefits of Sabbath school instruction. Many of them being seals to his ministry, have, from this cause, been stimulated to labor in an institution to which they were so deeply indebted. Through his labors, a church has been raised up, enjoying the ordinances of religion, and upwards of one hundred souls turned from the error of their ways, and the house crowded with attentive and admiring hearers. These facts, taken in connection with the circumstance that his conversion was through the instrumentality of the Sabbath school institution, have been an essential means of our prosperity. We are led to rejoice at the wisdom and grace of God, as exemplified in this most excellent institution. It is now no longer considered an experiment. Its practical benefits, and most astonishing results have been seen, and are now developing themselves. Its claims have been advocated by the wisest and most gifted of the church. Its foundations have been laid in wisdom, and the superstructure reared by skillful hands. The wheels of this grand moral machinery are now in motion, and the cause is silently, yet swiftly pursuing its way, and like the undulating billows, bearing down with irresistible force, the fabric of infidelity.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE.

TO MY COUSIN WILLIAM.

It seems to me a dream, that I once cleansed and replenished a gin and brandy decanter every Saturday morning. My "swords are turned into ploughshares, and my spears into pruning-hooks," for there they stand pictures of innocence, converted into water caldies and molasses bottles.

Let every housekeeper seriously look back upon her past experience, and ask herself how many individuals (unintentionally of course,) she has led into temptation by these polished decanters, and if she has herself escaped a pit over so many of the bright and good have fallen, offer up a prayer of thankfulness.

I know not how many others have felt, but my soul has often been wrung with anguish at the utter hopelessness of preventing any individual, who has betrayed a tendency to intemperance, from plunging daily farther and farther into sin, when the means were spread out before him, leaving unchecked his vitiated taste.

Edward, like others, provided liquors for his sideboard, but only drank them as the compliment which

society demanded, with his guests. William Ingols, my cousin, an interesting young man, entered his office as a student, and resided with us. He was confiding and communicative, and I soon began to love him as a member of our household. At his first dinner Edward joined him in a glass of brandy and water; on succeeding days he took it unsolicited; in a short time, he drank at the sideboard before dinner;—and in a few weeks, repeated the draught at bed time.

I asked Edward's advice on what was to be done. He answered with a smile, "you are a woman, and can manage these things better than I. Talk with Ingols on the subject. You know my detestation of this genteel tipping, but I have no authority over him."

A fair opportunity offered, in Edward's necessary absence at a circuit court for a week, to speak on the subject without implicating my husband.

As Ingols was visiting the sideboard as usual, and (what seems to me an alarming symptom) covering the lower part of the tumbler with his hands, I asked him, with a little hesitation, if he drank brandy for his health.

"I cannot say that I do," said he, smiling,—"Will you take a little for yours, cousin?"

"No, I thank you," said I;—"I am afraid of it."

"Afraid of it, cousin? It will not hurt you. You will be all the better for a little tonic."

"A little tonic might not hurt me, cousin William, but I fear being tempted. I distrust my own strength of character."

"Pshaw! you are not serious! I have been drinking a little for several years."

"Why do you drink it?" I asked; "your mind is naturally active, your conversation agreeable, you have no mental or bodily sufferings, you have a thousand rational modes of enjoyment. If you will only look into your own feelings, you will find a corroborating settling there, whose constant cry is, give, give."

"You are a sweet monitor, cousin Clarissa. I believe I must take a little brandy and wine extra, if it is only to hear you scold so prettily!"

"Oh, Ingols, do not in mercy to yourself, treat this subject lightly—why society tolerates its abuse I know not. I see already a lock directed to that bottle when you enter the room, which speaks an awkward consciousness. You are already trying to hide from yourself and from me the quantity you take. If you love my scolding, hear it plainly. Your manly and graceful form will soon lose its firmness, your fine eyes will glow with the drunkard's glassy inexpressiveness, and your mind,

—where God has set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man,
Be reduced to childishness, worse than childishness, since its weakness will have no redeeming innocence."

"But, Mrs. Packard," said Ingols, "how many have drank moderately without injury?"

"And how many," I answered, "have been destroyed, soul and body, while those moderate drinkers, favored perhaps by constitutional advantages, have been unscathed. But they will not escape, cousin William—they cannot escape His eye, who watches motives as well as deeds. He who is strong enough to carry the unrighteous banner of the drunkard until death without falling, shall not permanently escape retribution, though his weaker followers may be prostrated on the right hand and on the left. He leads, and that is his condemnation."

"My dear cousin," said Ingols, "you take this matter too seriously. You make a bugbear of a trifle."

"A trifle!" I exclaimed, "call not this a trifle which riles the soul and body of their best gifts. If I could, I would go (not in the wilfulness of quixotism, but in the spirit of Him, who drove the profaners from God's temple), and destroy every implement, which stands like that, tempting man from his duty. They disgrace our homes, they deform our domestic beauty. I once had a friend, young and lovely, such an one as your warm heart would have cherished, and your fine mind appreciated. She received a shock from the early disappointment of her affections, pined, sickened, and drooped, like a withering flower. Would to heaven she had died in the unstained paleness of her beauty! Tonics were recommended; perhaps they were right, and if given as medicine, and not laid open among the wants and luxuries of life, all might have been well. Her health recovered, but gradually her sensual wants increased. I sickened as I remember the miserable subtleties that marred her fair character, first chilling the confidence of friends, and then by open exposures disgracing them. Her destruction was rapid, checked but not subdued by reproaches, by sarcasms, by entreaties, by the subduing eye of retreating friendship, by the agonizing appeals of struggling conscience. She died a drunkard! Her mother wept bitter tears than should fall over a daughter's grave; her sister's cheeks kindled with such blushes as a sister's cheek should never know; and her father, I tremble while I say it, cursed his first born child!"

Ingols had not tasted his draught while I was speaking, but held it in his hand; and when I ceased, quietly placed it on the sideboard.

"You have conquered to-day, cousin," said he, affectionately, "and I give up my expected draught to please you."

"You are not angry, then?" I said eagerly.

"Angry, no; how can I be angry with a true friend?"

"Thank you, thank you," said I, "and now that I have gone thus far, may I proceed?"

"Yes, you have carte blanche."

"I shall do it by actions not words, and I warn you to be prepared, for I have solemnly vowed, with prayer to God, that I will never again aid in the cause of the destroying angel. But promise me, not that I claim any right over you but that of interest for your welfare, promise me that you will abstain from ardent spirits, now in the sunshine of your youth, 'before the evil days come.'"

Ingols hesitated, reflected, and promised, half earnestly, half jestingly.

A week passed away in the kindest intercourse. Edward returned to make me still happier, and I detailed my plans to him.

I had retired to my bed-room early one evening, when I heard Ingols enter and ask Polly for the keys of the sideboard. She came up stairs, and handed them down, without my making any remark, taking them to him. I held my breath. He opened the door of the sideboard. I had expected every decanter. I heard the rattling of the keys as the door closed, and felt a momentary faintness at my own daring. A half hour passed away, and Polly came back with a slip of paper, on which was pencilled, "You have conquered, cousin; I thank you—I thank God."

I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child, and my full heart was not relieved until Edward returned from the office and said he loved me better for my moral courage.

BEAUTIES OF DESPOTISM.—Cambyse, a king of Persia, was addicted to intemperance. Perseus, one of his favorites, one day after a debauch, represented to him that he had drunk too much wine. "I will convince you," said Cambyse, "that wine never deprives me of my judgment or address." He then called for another bowl, and having quaffed it, he ordered the son of Perseus, a promising youth of twelve years of age, to be tied to the trunk of one of the trees in the garden of the palace. He then selected an arrow, and while fitting it to his bow, he advanced toward the terrace, saying, "If I do not pierce the heart of your son with this arrow, I will frankly acknowledge that wine has a paralyzing influence over my faculties. The arrow flew through the air, and lodged in the bosom of the youth. On being opened his heart was found cloven in twain. The courtiers present, including Perseus, were loud in their praises of the address of the tyrant!

[From the London Metropolitan.]

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY MRS. ARDY.

"Dear Father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country, her health to regain?
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm, sunny land where the soft breezes blow?"

"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest!"

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers?
Does summer shine over it all the year long?
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and song?"

"Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by sweet voices sweet hymns are addressed
To the Lord, who reigns o'er the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear;
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me."

"My darling, thy mother delighted to gaze
On the loved friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends."

"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I wait, till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."

"Thou must toil through a world, full of danger, my boy;
Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers."

"Yet fear not, the God whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

[From the New York Observer.]

CONVERSION OF TWO GERMAN JEWS.

A pious servant of Christ, STEPHEN SCHULTZ, being one day at the door of a synagogue, in Hanover, found himself surrounded by about twenty children, who asked him if he believed really that the Messiah had already come. "Yes," he replied; and he cited to them the most prominent passages of the Old and New Testaments, which confirmed them in their faith. While thus occupied, a young man, who took care of these children, approached Schultz, seized him by the collar, and called out—"Cursed impostor! why do you speak to my children? you will lead them astray!" and bid the children go away; but they did not obey him. Then Schultz replied, "Think not to contend against the Crucified, [so they call Christ] for all must be subjected to him, and you yourself must submit to him, or you will suffer eternal punishment."

"How I submit to the crucified Nazarene?" replied he angrily, "No, never! never!" and he drew his hand across his neck, to show that he would sooner have his head cut off than consent to this.

"Your anger will not alter what is true," said Schultz calmly, "and you must, I repeat it, be a disciple of the Crucified, or bear throughout eternity the punishment of your unbelief."

The young man was furious, and stamped upon the ground in his rage, and Schultz, seeing that he could not reason with him, went away.

Six years after that interview, a young man decently clad, and of good manners, entered the chamber of Schultz, who lived then at Visbeck, and asked him if he knew him.

"No," replied Schultz.

"Well," said the stranger, "I am the young Jew who told you, six years ago, at the door of the synagogue in Hanover, that he would rather have his head cut off than be converted to Christianity. Your words pierced my heart like an arrow, and I could not forget them. I examined the Christian religion, and am now a student in the University of Göttingen. Thanks to God, I know my Redeemer."

Thus the Lord deigned to bless the zeal and fidelity of the pious Schultz. The following fact is equally remarkable:—

In the city of Dessau, a young Jew went to a tailor to be measured for a suit of clothes. The tailor, who was a faithful Christian, seeing the apparent indifference of this young man, and reflecting that his infidelity was leading him to eternal perdition, shed tears.

The Jew asked why he wept, and when he learnt the cause of his grief, said—"Ha! of what consequence is my religion to you?—make my clothes, and don't trouble yourself about me."

"Ah! my dear young man," replied the tailor, "if you will only consent to read the New Testament, I believe you will come to the knowledge of the truth."

The young Jew went away; but he could not forget the tears of the poor tailor, and his request that he would read the New Testament. In vain he struggled against his own conscience and against the appeal of the Holy Scriptures. He felt that he ought to obey.

Some days after, this young man returned to the tailor, and begged him to lend him the New Testament. He received it, but having opened it, found the book was printed in German characters, which he did not understand, and he threw it down upon the table, disappointed, saying—"Of what use is this book to me, since I cannot read it?"

"But it would be very easy for you," replied the tailor, "to learn the German letters. The salvation of your soul is worth this small pains from you."

The young man then went to the bookstore and inquired for an alphabet. The bookseller asked a much higher price than the Jew thought right, and he went away without buying it. But the tears and affectionate entreaties of the tailor, left him no rest. He returned to the bookseller, and bought the alphabet.

In the course of one night he learnt the German characters. When he thought himself sufficiently instructed to be able to read the New Testament, he went a third time to the tailor and begged him to give him a copy of that sacred book. He then shut himself up in his chamber for twenty-four hours, without taking any nourishment: he read the New Testament from beginning to end, and the epistle of Paul to the Romans twice. After this he returned the book to the tailor, without saying a word of the impression he had received. But a few days after, he went a journey to Gotha, associated with Christians, and listened to their instructions. At length he was baptized and declared himself openly a disciple of Christ.

This converted Jew is now a physician; he has translated the Gospel of St. Luke into Hebrew, accompanying it with learned notes, and this book proves a blessing to the Jews.

Thus does God choose the weak and feeble to lead souls to Christ!

To see a world redeemed from Satan's rod,
Rise, and remember, and adore her God.

A WRETCH AND HIS VICTIM.

Adelaide Watson, of 79 Grand Street, was put to the bar, on a charge of seducing another woman's husband, viz: a young man who was clerk in the store of F & G Co. The prisoner was young, good looking and altogether her personal appearance was extremely interesting. She was said to belong to highly respectable parents in the state of Maine, but had, unfortunately, while on a visit some time back, to Boston, met the clerk above alluded to at a ball, danced with, and fell desperately in love with him.

He, like a scoundrel, used his utmost endeavors to make her believe that his intentions towards her were of an honorable nature—and he fed the flame that he saw was consuming her. When it had reached a height so great as to take paramount possession of every other feeling, he attacked her virtue and she, in an evil hour yielded to his entreaties, and thus lost her happiness forever. He left Boston and came to New York and married, and is now the father of two small children.

Whether he wrote to his victim, or whether she followed him to New York of her own accord, is not yet known, suffice it to say, that she reached this city, found out her seducer, enticed him to leave his wife, and live with her, the unhappy victim of his artifice. He did abandon his wife and live with the prisoner; and what added to the enormity of his crime, is the fact that his unfortunate wife was at the time, lying upon a sick bed; and were it not likely to add to the afflictions of his neglected wife, we would certainly publish the scoundrel's name. The lost and misguided girl, the prisoner, not satisfied with having drawn the reckless husband from the arms of his wife went still further; and in a fit of frenzy, for she could not have been in her sober senses, she went to the bed side of the sick wife, and taunted the poor invalid with having drawn away from her arms the wicked object of her unhallowed attachment. "But," added the miserable maniac, "you'll have no happiness this side of heaven, for know you to your annoyance, that your faithful husband pillowed his head upon this bosom, and slept last night within these arms."—A scene of confusion ensued, and the employer of the husband, Mr. F—g, ultimately took the misguided girl to the watch house. In the morning, Justice Wynan very admirably and judiciously reprimanded her, and remonstrated with her on the madness of her conduct, and committed her to prison.

Mr. F—g, in the course of the day, was allowed to take her away, and put her on board a vessel that was to sail directly for the residence of her parents, under whose roof we hope that she may be restored to reason and comparative respectability. Strange to say, it was stated at the police office in the afternoon, that the scoundrel of a husband was about to pack up his things, and follow his paramour to her native place.

—New York Transcript.

BEDS AND MATTRESSES.

FOR SALE AT ROGERS & HASKELL'S, Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, Boston, Feather Beds of different qualities and prices. Mattresses of all kinds for family or ship use. Those in want are respectfully invited to call.

April 1.

SLATE AND SLATING.

THE SUBSCRIBER would give notice to his friends and the public that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of European and American Slate, at his yard, in rent of Nos. 13 & 15 Essex street, which he will put on at the lowest cash prices.

N. B. All orders left at his Slate Yard, or at house No. 54 South Street, or at Box No. 74, Mechanic's Reading Room, for Slating, Leadings, Zincing, or Repairing, will receive prompt attention.

April 1.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

April 1.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years, from the year 1620 to 1820—by Alden Bradford. For sale by RUSSELL, ORIORNE & CO., 121 Washington Street.

March 11.

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT.

THIS book is this day published, and is for sale by the hundred, dozen, or single, at 19 Washington street, (op stairs) by

DAVID H. ELA.

March 18.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. THE HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistakes.



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